



「御琴羽悠仁×シャーロック・ホームズ」  
と「シャーロック・ホームズ×御琴羽悠仁」アンソロジー



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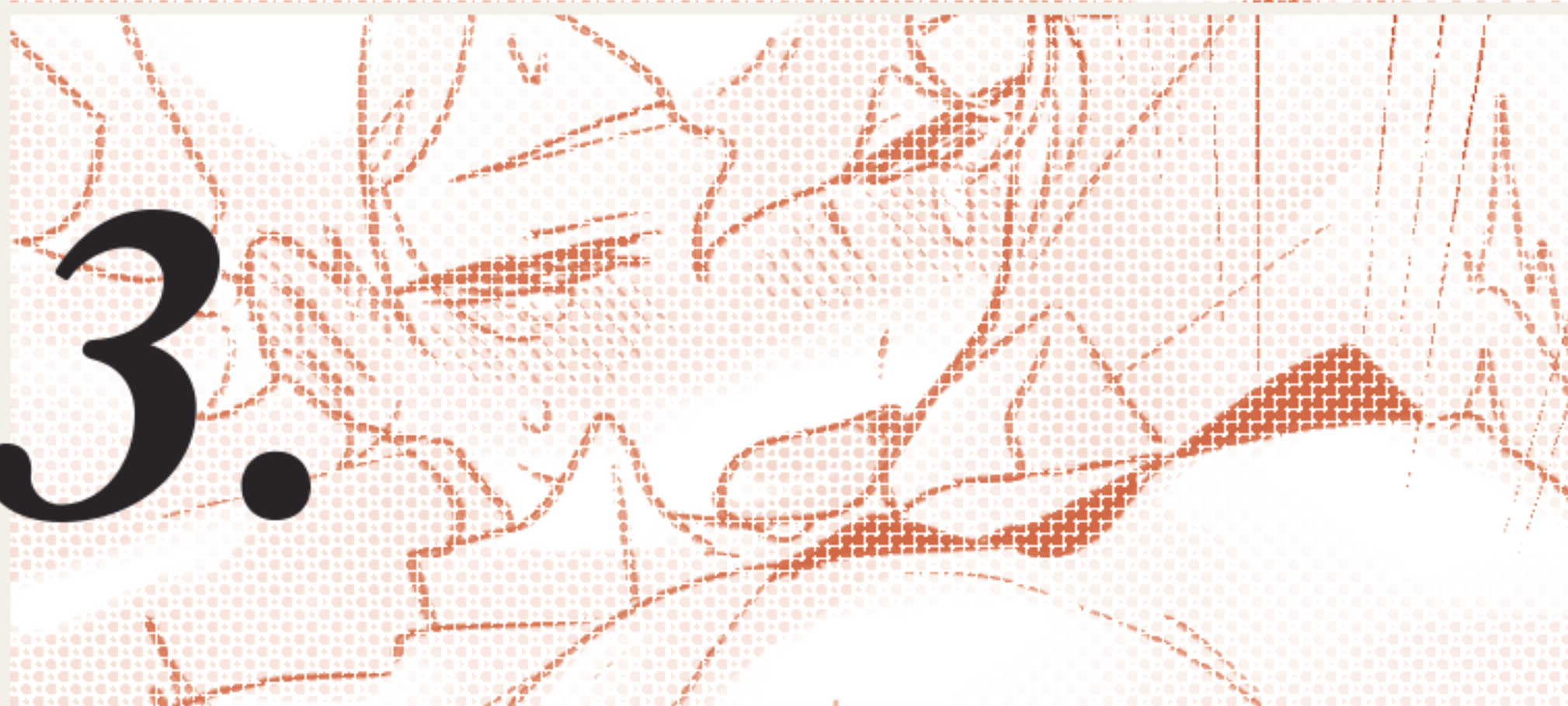
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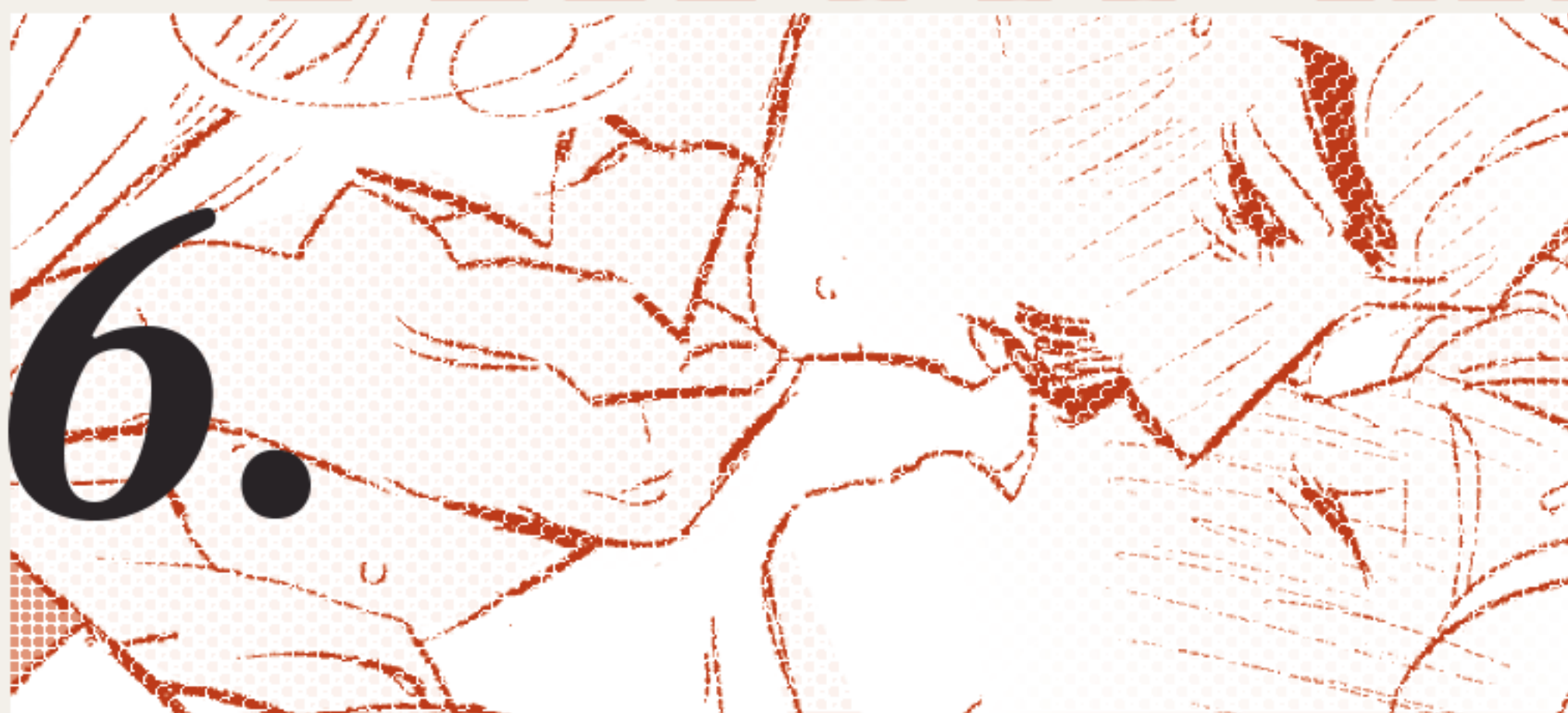


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*by Allie*

There were few things Sherlock Holmes valued as much as the scientific method.

Varied as his interests were, they all, to an extent, hinged on the burden of proof: a chemical reaction restricted to the realm of the hypothetical could not hold water before the corresponding practical experiment proved that it did, nor could a machine be deemed functional before it was even built. Similarly, no criminal could be justly convicted without sufficient evidence to point in their direction.

Indeed, it was Holmes' very pride that would not allow him to provide anything short of scientifically irrefutable proof whenever he found himself in a position that asked him to deliver such.

Yuujin had always thought his partner to be particularly upright in this sense. Though Holmes was certainly not above the occasional mistake, his integrity was beyond reproach. His mind was that of a scientist after all, and a desire to get to the bottom of things through reason and logic was all but inherent to his nature.

Yuujin, too, fancied himself a man of science to an extent. Though the fields of medical research he was directly involved in rarely dealt in that which wasn't based in observation and examination, medicine on the whole was advancing at breakneck speeds, and clinical trials were the backbone of this advancement.

It seemed as though the empirical approach and the burden of proof found themselves at the heart of all societal betterment. Perhaps this was exactly why Yuujin found himself willing to indulge in the occasional empirical study, too; the nearer and dearer to his heart an area of study was, the less he could bear to let unanswered questions fester.

His congress with Sherlock Holmes was, very surely, one of his favourite areas of study.

The fireplace in the drawing room was burning low, though Yuujin at present found himself in so passionate an embrace that he hardly paid it any mind. Holmes was as a furnace above him, bracketing his body against the settee whilst kissing him so slowly, so *patiently* that Yuujin all



but melted into the cushions, warm with affection and the low, simmering heat of arousal.

It appeared as though their evening was veering into a rather pleasurable direction yet, and Yuujin smiled as he pressed a sweet, close-mouthed kiss to Holmes's lips, his hands cradling his dear partner's face.

Having Holmes above him like this – pinning him in place, as it were – always enticed Yuujin in a way he struggled to even put into words, for until now, Holmes had always placed himself at the receiving end of Yuujin's affections. It had him come undone quite wonderfully, usually, and the fact left Yuujin ever so curious time and time again.

"There is something I have been meaning to propose to you," he therefore said, very quietly, into the fragments of an inch between them. "If you are amenable."

Holmes hummed indulgently and drew back just a bit. "That depends entirely on what it is that you wish to propose, my dear."

He knelt above Yuujin with one arm on the backrest of their settee, the other still braced against the cushions next to his head. Perhaps it had been the position that had emboldened Yuujin that evening, for when next he opened his mouth, he found himself asking, "I was wondering if perhaps you would like to reverse how we go about sleeping with each other for a change."

And Holmes immediately, visibly, froze.

"Ah," he said, then blinked a little too quickly and a little too often in very quick succession. "I see."

Yuujin felt himself tense up. All the delectable heat that had previously been coursing through his veins ran cold in an instant with the fear that he had somehow overstepped. "Is that... perhaps something you would rather not try?" he asked, slipping his hands

from Holmes's cheeks to card them through his hair, soothing. "It *was* only a proposal. One that you should feel free to decline."

"It's not that I am against trying it," Holmes insisted, seemingly having found his tongue again. "You merely caught me off guard." His eyes flickered away for a second, to some non specific point in the room. Then, curiously, his face reddened. "The trouble is just that I am not entirely confident that I would be able to *perform* to your satisfaction under those circumstances."

"Oh," said Yuujin, something warm and fond and caring flaring up inside him. "Holmes, I would never ask you to do something that you are not entirely comfortable with. You needn't mind it. It was nothing but a passing bout of curiosity."

Holmes frowned. "Mikotoba, if possible, a man's curiosities should always be indulged!"

It was hard to tell whether Holmes had meant it on principle, or if his mind had changed as quickly as it was sometimes wont to do. Yuujin pursed his lips and allowed his hands to drop to his sides. "But would you be all right, indulging this particular curiosity?"

"Well," Holmes began, then inhaled audibly through his nose, "if you truly wish for me to bugger you –"

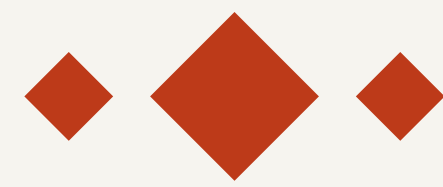
"*Bugger!*"

Very slowly, a smile returned to Holmes's face. "The fact stands that you are always so good to me, my dear. So however could I not? It is but an experiment, and thereby the very foundation of science itself."

Any further questions or objections Yuujin might have had were effectively cut off by Holmes's lips returning to his with warm insistence. And though Yuujin had previously assumed the mood thoroughly ruined by his initial question, he found that Holmes's arousal had hardly flagged at all.



The subject of their previous discussion was a matter for another time yet.



Let it be said that Sherlock Holmes, while brilliant in all the ways that aided him in his *métier*, was simultaneously one of the worst scatterbrains of Yuujin's acquaintance.

It was a trait that usually served to amuse Yuujin more than anything. It was a humanising quality to have in an otherwise singularly sharp mind, and rarely did his absentminded ways ever truly frustrate.

But when Holmes didn't acknowledge the conversation they had had during any of their subsequent intimate encounters, Yuujin found himself on the edge of frustration. Perhaps he was being unfair – it was, after all, not entirely unlike Holmes to feign ignorance on matters he wanted forgotten.

Yuujin wouldn't know which it was unless he asked, however. And so, as Holmes got up from his armchair to retire to bed one night – inviting Yuujin to join him at his convenience – he could remain in the dark no longer.

"Holmes, do you remember what we discussed some weeks ago?"

Holmes, already halfway to his bedroom, paused. Turning on his heel, he shot Yuujin an embarrassed smile. "We tend to discuss many things, I'm afraid."

Yuujin rose to his feet to walk over to where Holmes was standing. Keeping his voice intimately low, he clarified, "I was thinking of the discussion we'd had regarding a possible switch-around of our usual bedroom arrangements. You were amenable at the time, but should you have changed your mind –"

"*Did* we have a discussion of this nature?" interrupt-

ed Holmes, his lips curling into a frown. He appeared upset – but rather by the fact that he could not recall their conversation at all. Or, if he still *did* remember, he was doing a beyond remarkable job of pretending that he didn't.

Yuujin gently took one of Holmes' hands into his own. "I assure you that we did. But if you need some time to consider the matter again, I will gladly wait for your reply."

"Were you hoping to try it tonight, Mikotoba?" asked Holmes.

"I *was* hoping that you might indulge me in this little, ah – *experiment*, I believe you put it." He pressed his lips to Holmes's knuckles and smiled at him, aiming to reassure him. "But I will neither rush nor force you."

Holmes's fingers curled around Yuujin's, then gave a light squeeze. "You needn't worry," he said before ducking his head to kiss Yuujin very gently. His expression as he withdrew was rather the opposite.

"As it happens, I find myself in the mood for some modest experimentation tonight, Mikotoba," said Holmes, grinning. "Though I believe we are wearing entirely too many clothes for us to be able to get very far in our research."

Yuujin felt heat rise in his blood and to his face at those words. He kissed Holmes once more – a little firmer, a little more promising – then stepped around him to pull him by their still joined hands until he had dragged him into Holmes's bedroom. Only once he had shut the door behind them did Yuujin let go of his partner's hand.

In the short seconds it took him to turn the key in the lock, Holmes had already cast off half his upper body garments. He took only thrice as long, still, to divest himself entirely, and the unsystematic heap



left in the wake of his undressing soon enough grew with the addition of Yuujin's clothes.

Then, there they stood.

Yuujin was as familiar with Holmes in the nude as he was with the back of his own hand; he had traced the ridges of his bones and the planes of his skin so many times that he had lost count, had tasted and felt everything his body had to give. And yet, looking at Holmes before him now, with his slowly hardening cock hanging heavy between his thighs, Yuujin found that he had perhaps *seen*, but never fully *considered* the entirety of his dear partner's body at all.

Perhaps understanding Yuujin's sudden apprehension, Holmes stepped in closer until he could brush a gentle hand against Yuujin's arm. "The good thing about experiments, my dear, is that they do not bear repeating if you realise that they bear no merit whatsoever," he said. "And that they can be broken off at once at any time."

He was saying it to Yuujin's benefit as much as his own, he was certain, for Holmes' reassuring hand had begun to quest about, unsteady and unable to settle. Affection warmed Yuujin from within, and he could resist the urge to kiss Holmes again no longer.

Kissing was familiar territory, at least; Yuujin felt the tension drain away from them both as they fit their lips together, shared breath and tongues and heat between them. Holmes' hands regained their confidence, pulled Yuujin closer by the hips so that they were flush against one another from thigh to chest. Their growing arousal became apparent with the proximity, so that, after Yuujin had allowed his lips to trail down Holmes's neck and his teeth to worry at the juncture where it met his partner's shoulder, Holmes eventually gasped, "*Bed*," punctuated with a jerking motion of his hips.

Yuujin swallowed the lump of apprehension in his

throat and nodded, before pushing aside Holmes' covers and arranging himself on his back just so. It was not entirely unusual in itself, for Holmes rather had a penchant for riding a St. George upon him, but spreading his legs after made heat rise to Yuujin's cheeks.

Holmes regarded him with an equally flushed face for a moment before joining him at last, situating his long body between Yuujin's thighs. "I'll say, my dear, you make for quite the sight," he said hotly against Yuujin's ear, voice trembling. Yuujin, freshly impassioned, drew him into a kiss, whilst Holmes blindly fumbled for the jar of petrolatum in his nightstand.

He withdrew from their kiss then, unscrewed the jar and dipped his fingers in. Yuujin watched him and took a deep, anticipatory breath. Both of them knew how this was supposed to go, in theory – they had done it countless times with the roles reversed.

There was no need to be nervous.

Wordlessly, Holmes brought his lubricated fingers down and between them. Yuujin could feel the warmth of his hand where it hovered between his thighs, undecided.

"Go on ahead," he told Holmes with a confidence he wasn't feeling, nudging his side with his knee.

Holmes inhaled sharply, nodded, and brought a hesitant fingertip to Yuujin's entrance, teasing the muscle with slight motions and feather-light touches. There was barely any sensation to be felt from this glancing contact, yet it left Yuujin trembling all the same.

"I believe, Mikotoba," said Holmes, beginning to apply more pressure, "that you had better lie back and think of England now."

It seemed like quite the non-sequitur, and Yuujin propped himself up slightly. "Whatever do you mean,



think of Eng –”

He cut himself off with a low groan. Holmes had used his distraction to insert his middle finger into Yuujin in one smooth motion.

“I mean nothing by it,” he said, grinning roguishly, and dipped his head to kiss Yuujin on the lips. “How are you faring?”

Holmes’s finger was an unfamiliar intrusion, but one that quite truthfully did not feel like much of anything. Yuujin told his partner as much, and Holmes hummed in reply before he began shallowly thrusting his finger in and out of Yuujin.

The friction and pressure felt like *sensation* at least, though Yuujin wasn’t sure whether it was a good one until Holmes’s finger brushed up against his prostate *just so*.

Yuujin clenched down on Holmes, a choked-off moan escaping him. Holmes looked quite triumphant for a moment, then promptly began to aim for the same spot again with a precision that had Yuujin writhing off the bed.

Holmes added another finger, then, and Yuujin was all but sobbing, his thighs trembling. His cock stood rigid, helplessly dribbling fluid onto his stomach and Holmes stretched him with shallow thrusts and scissoring motions.

It was almost unbearable. Yuujin grabbed at Holmes’ shoulders and bade him to stop – Holmes, with an expression of wonder on his face, wide-blown pupils and his bottom lip bitten red.

Clearly, Yuujin wasn’t the only one affected.

He smiled. “Do get inside me, my love.”

Holmes acquiesced at once. He withdrew his fingers smoothly, and in the seconds it took for him to apply a generous slathering of vaseline to his cock, Yuu-

jin was surprised by how acutely *empty* he felt. The feeling did not persist, however; as Holmes inched himself inside Yuujin, he felt overwhelmingly full instead.

It ached somewhat, and Yuujin’s erection flagged in response. Holmes kept peering down at him with a strangely concentrated expression, and eventually, because he could stand it no longer, Yuujin asked him to move.

The first few careful thrusts were uncomfortable. Yuujin thought how he had much preferred Holmes’s fingers, defter and thinner as they had been, until his partner’s cock brushed up against the spot that had left him writhing before. He gasped, then, and Holmes, perceptive as he was, angled his next thrust to hit the same spot again.

Yuujin wrapped his thighs around Holmes’s narrow waist to aid him in striking true each time. His cock had hardened again quickly, spilling pre-cum between them, whilst Holmes kept up his thrusts. His expression remained one of steely focus; he was letting out broken little whines all the same.

Yuujin dragged him down into a kiss, and the friction of Holmes’s stomach brushing against his cock was enough to send him over the edge at last. Not a moment later, he felt Holmes twitch, then spill inside him with a groan of, “Thank *God*.”

They lay together for a moment afterwards, catching their breath. Eventually, Holmes rolled off of Yuujin and lay down beside him.

“Did you find the results of your experiment to be satisfactory, Mikotoba?”

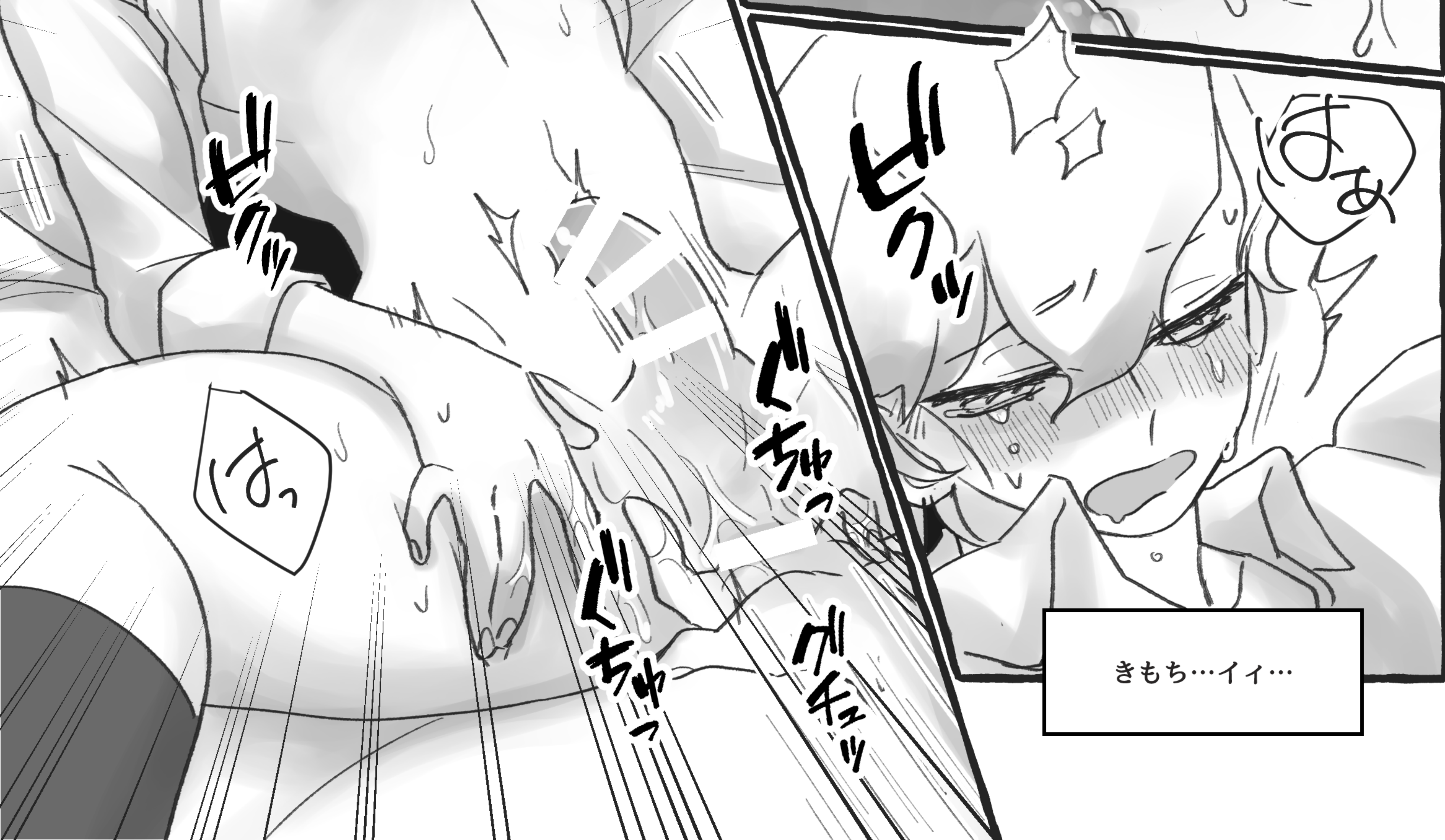
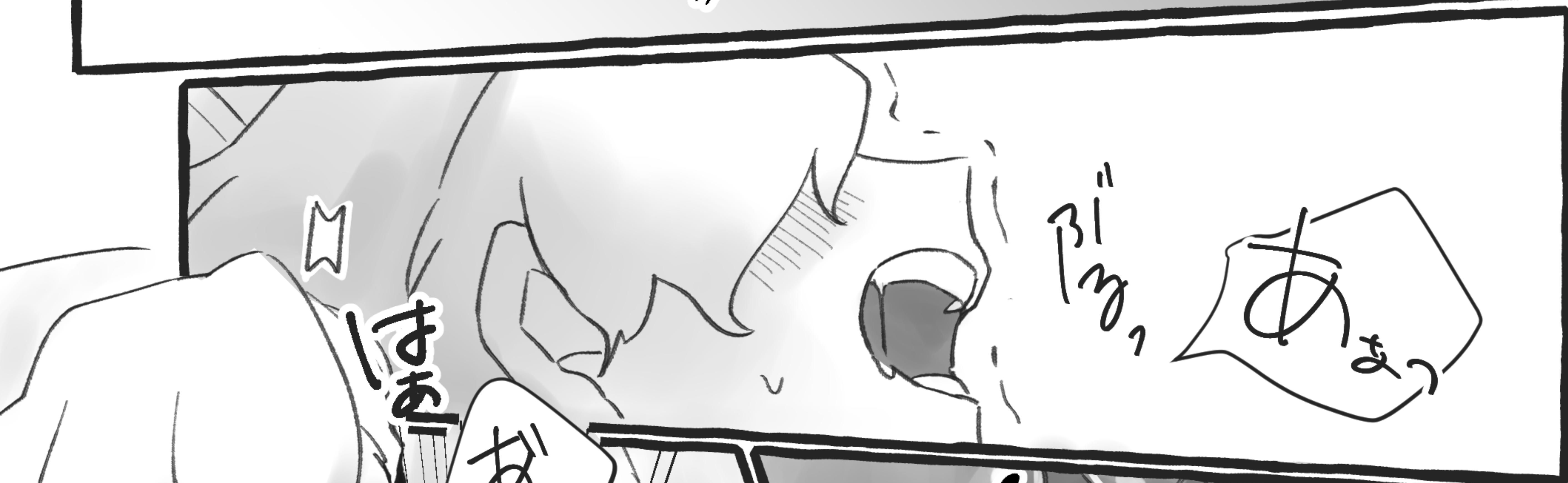
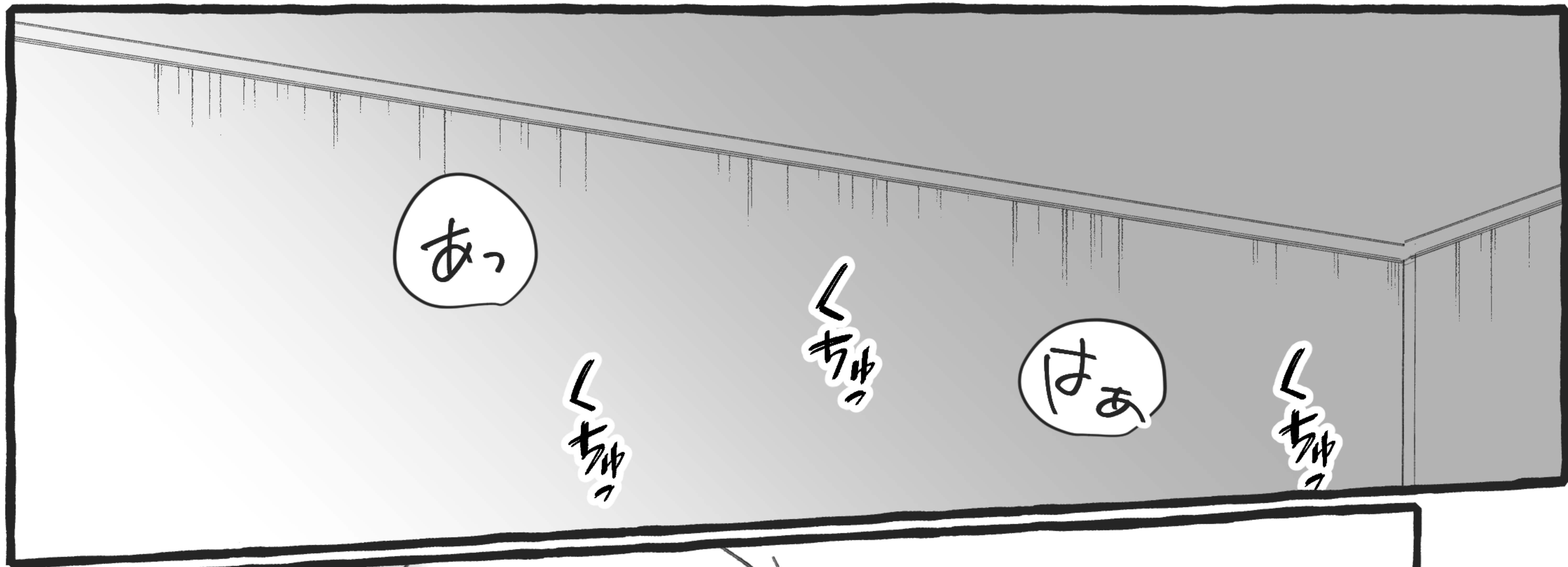
Yuujin gave him a weak smile. “Rather,” he replied. “Perhaps it even bears repeating.”

Holmes hummed. “One successful experiment hardly makes for solid evidence, you know.”









きもち…イイ…





あれ…ぼく…



きょう  
なにしてたんだっけ…



あさおきて



ごはんたべて



さんぽして

それから…  
そうだ！



おもしろそうなのを  
みかけたんだ



だからぼく  
ついていって

それで



それで…？





…ま、待って！

あ

まって

そうだ

それから  
あまいにおいがして

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うごかなくて

もうなにも  
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あ

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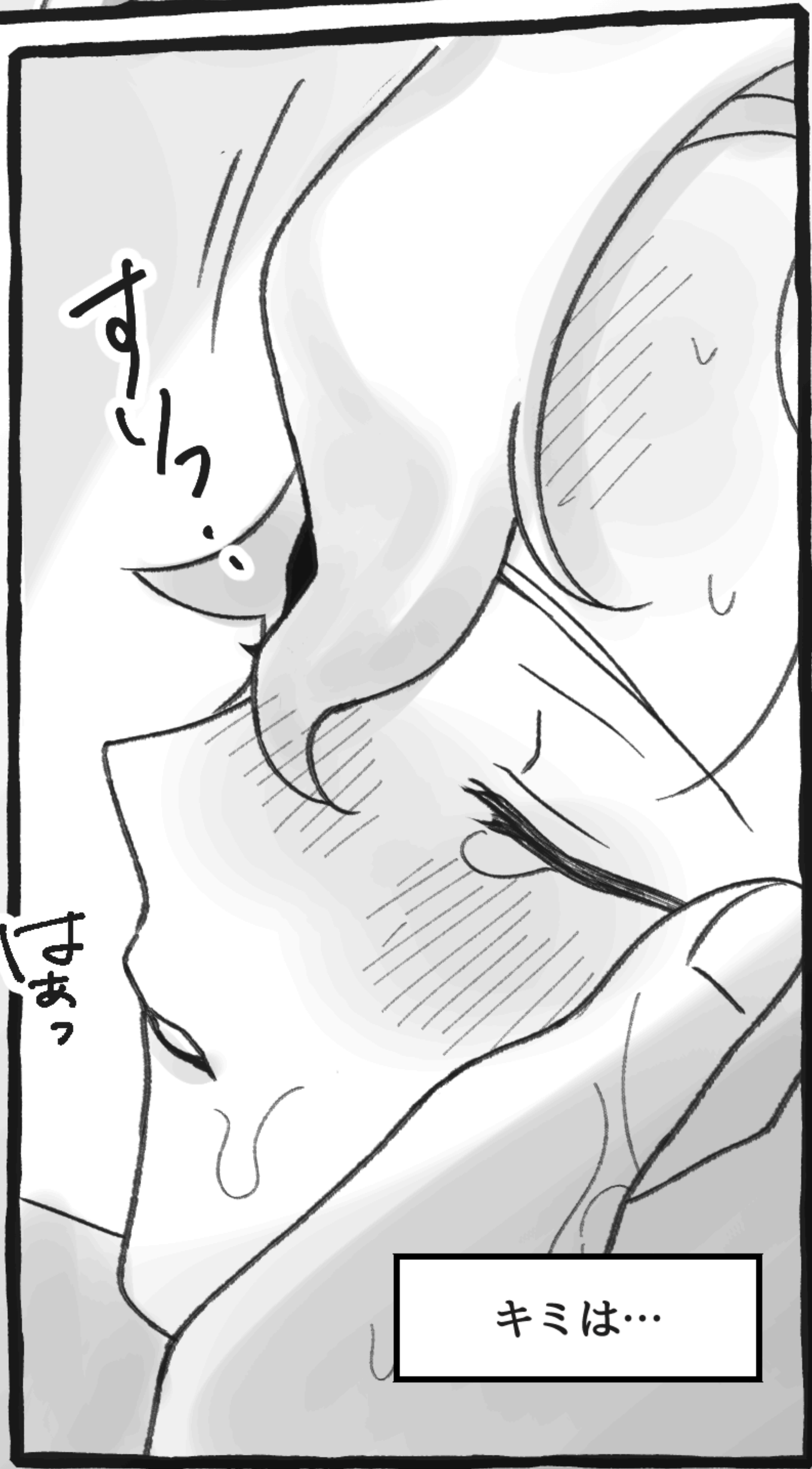
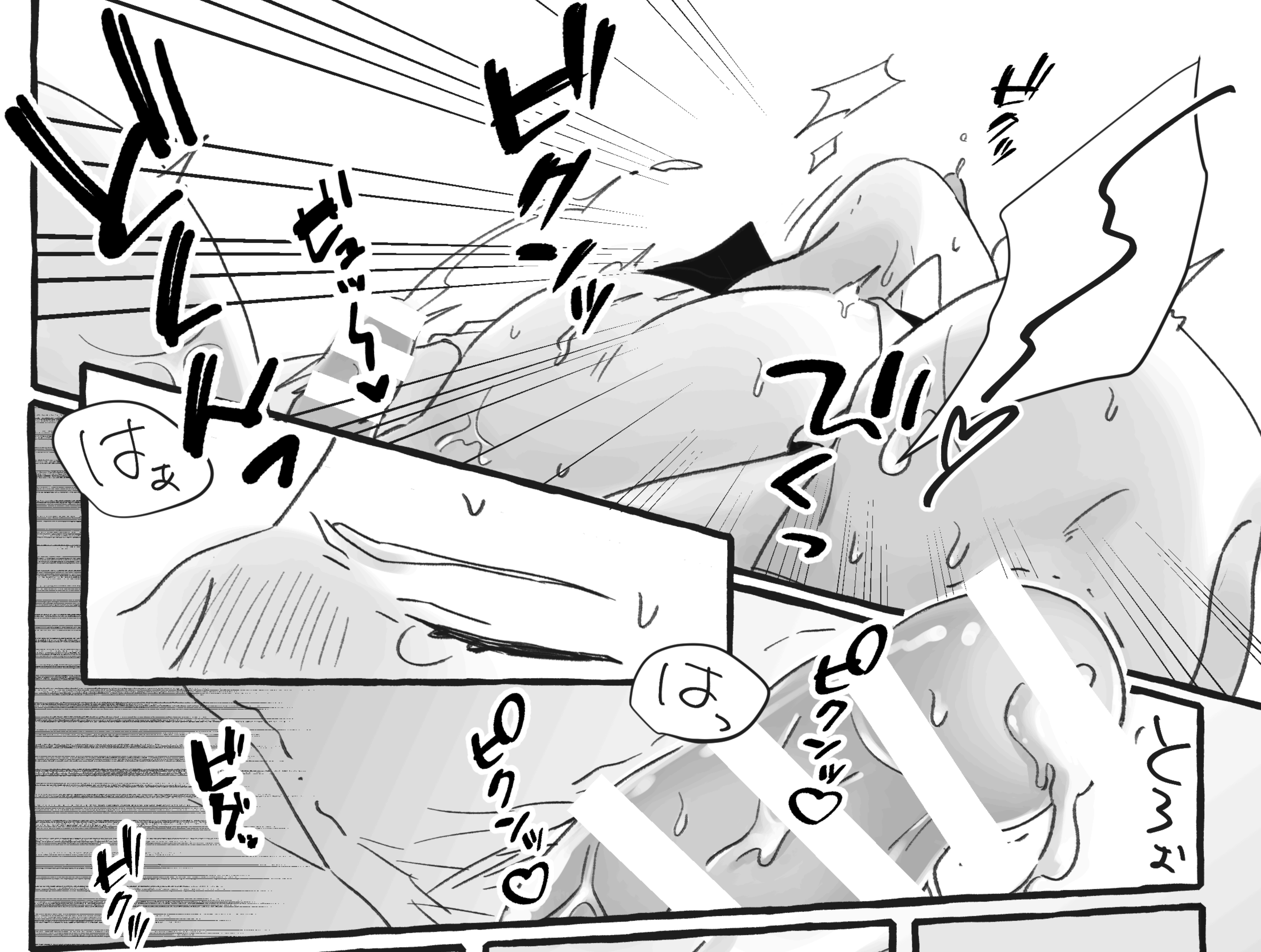
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するんだい

…ホームズ

「あ、  
ん」

ミコトバ

君は僕を助けてくれた

……

大丈夫ですか

言わばヒーローなんだ

そんな悲しい顔を  
しないでくれ

…ツ  
すみません

抜きます

わっ

でも僕は…

酷い男だからさ

…ツ！



...やだ



おねがい  
ミコトバ





君のやさしさに

つけ込んでしまうのさ







How Touchy Feels an Ocean

*by Andromeda*

Nights were long, far longer than they needed to be, particularly when one wasn't granted the blessing of unconsciousness. Of course, in such situations the reverse tended to be equally true, and by the time one finally began to feel sleep pricking at the corners of their eyes it was easier to think that the night wasn't nearly as long as it should have been.

But at this time, it was long: long enough to cause unwarranted thoughts to creep into sleep-deprived and racing minds. Two such minds lay awake: separated by an ocean and barrier of time, yet equally restless in mind and body.

For one, night was just settling down. Though it was already late by some standards, he knew it was only the beginning of an impossibly long night, and early in his battle against sleeplessness. In these quiet hours, lonely and without the inspiration of a case to keep him distracted, the detective's great mind turned all at once into an enemy, racing and tangling in complicated patterns that left him breathless and confused. Confusion, much as he hated it, was preferable to the sorrow that threat-

ened to settle into his heart, and that awful feeling of loneliness he fought hard to keep at bay. There, in those late hours when the child was fast asleep, it seemed to find him and settle into the darkest niches in his heart he tried so desperately to ignore.

For the other, morning was on its way to herald the end of a long and sleepless night. Too early still to rise, just enough left of nighttime remained to cling to the illusion of rest. He'd worked a long day, spent the hours that remained in the company of family, and had been relieved to steal away for a bit of solitude – only to find that once he'd finally obtained a moment of silence it was no longer wanted. The night had passed too quietly, spent turning and only in the briefest and most fitful of slumbers, leaving far too much room for nostalgia.

Despite the time that had passed since the ocean first came between them, it seemed neither man had yet grown accustomed to sleeping alone. The intimacy of the quarters they once shared had yet to be forgotten, more than likely never would, and in long nights like these they missed one an-



other's company the most.

In long nights like this, one nearing its end, the other just begun, the minds of Sherlock Holmes and Yuujin Mikotoba could do little but seek comfort in the memory of the last night they spent at one another's side.

*It was too slow. Prolonged and agonised, like the morning before an execution. The seconds dragged, the air was heavy, every movement laboured and reluctant.*

*It was too fast. Rushed and desperate, time slipping away faster than it had a right to. Seconds were ripped away as time marched inevitably onward,*

*Words stilled in throats already beginning to ache with suppressed tears, unwilling to face the inevitability of goodbye. Mouths were used, instead, to press kisses gently to bare skin – along a neck, a shoulder, a jaw, as hands held shakily to backs and hipbones with a strange, fragile desperation.*

Beds were cold, now, and skin ached for the touch of another across an entire sea. Graceful, chemical-stained fingers trailed across up the opposite arm and across their owner's own chest, failing at all to replicate the same sense of comfort those of his beloved might once have conjured. Only a memory, now, and one he desperately tried to play as easily as he might have done across the strings of his violin...

Across the sea, the steady, practical hands of the doctor remained pressed with fingertips to tired eyes. He let out a breath, slow and shaking, as the memory of those dextrous, unexpectedly gentle hands tangled through his hair and down his spine. Never would his own have been able to mimic, thus no effort to pretend was put into place. Restless often went ignored in favour of responsibility – it would pass if ignored. It always did...

*The moment would pass, and far too quickly – an awful truth which neither man could prevent. Inevitably,*

*moments ticked past, and though they cherished, lingered, stalled, reaching, stroking hands did not still. Now was the time to memorise sensation, the feeling of skin pressed against one's own and beneath the touch of fingers. Slowly, so slowly, yet far too fast, hands joined and held, pressed back into the mattress and every now and then to trembling lips.*

*Two hands held; two free. Free to touch, free to reach to where it was hot and aching along with the blossoming pain in their chests. Each free to encircle his partner's shaft, pressed close to and gently rocking gently against his own, and deliver long, loving strokes meant more to comfort than drive towards release... there wasn't enough time for more, but in that moment there was little need, as what was given was nearly already too much. Slowly, slowly... to draw out the inevitable end, bringing with it bliss and sorrow all at once...*

Nimble fingers fumbled, desperately pushing aside the tangled cloth of sheets and nightshirt in an effort to free a trapped erection called forth by the phantom touch of an absent lover. His own was insufficient, cold and thin and too mechanical, and his knees drew together as Holmes closed his eyes, forced awkwardness and thought aside, focusing instead on attempting to satiate the ache that seemed to run through the very centre of his core. Not nearly so slow, not nearly so tender, as that he so desperately missed, but it would suffice. Matter-of-fact, to serve a purpose, to get the job done and move on... that was the only purpose of allowing this sort of interlude to happen at all, so he could properly *think* again...

Yet, as he lingered, fingers of his free hands pressed to his lips beneath the steady flush that overtook pale cheeks and nose, a breath escaped. Quiet, pleased, half in the form of a name.

A very different set of hands – large, soft, but with a much more consistent sort of doctor's precision –



proceeded to their destination far more intentionally, yet far more hesitant than desperate. Unlike his distant partner, Mikotoba had found that in this moment he was capable of thinking very well, indeed – too well, perhaps, in fact – and now searched for the antidote. If one existed, it was far across the sea, and thus he was forced to settle for the closest approximation. His own touch was slow, subtle and practised – if perhaps a bit impersonal – around his length, his eyes fixed open upon the ceiling as a forearm rested across his forehead, its fingers twitching and empty.

Not a sound passed his lips. None needed to – any feeling they may have conveyed was shown instead through furrowed brow, shining eyes, and the tight pressing of lips long since sworn to secrecy.

*“Please...”*

*Which one of them had spoken? Years later, neither would be able to recall. The whisper which had manifested in the warm, limited space between them spoke only what already beat in each increasingly rapid pounding of their hearts. Louder, more desperate with every beat – with every stroke – with every hitch of breath and muffled, half formed cry of a lover’s name...*

*Please... more.*

*Not enough.*

*Too much.*

*Please, don’t let it end.*

*Please, don’t drag this agony on.*

*What did the longing ask for? Neither knew, and neither could. Did it speak of the stroke of their hands – not faster, not racing towards the end, but moving with a greater firmness, resolution and intention as it inevitably approached? Or did it speak of something more?*

*A single whisper, hushed and swallowed by a kiss.*

*Please don’t go.*

*Please don’t make it even more difficult to leave you behind.*

*Breaths hitched, stroking hands became slick as they each expertly played across each of their lover’s most sensitive places. Across a shaft, a head, a glans - without hesitation, fingertips conveying all of the desperation they wouldn’t dare allow to pass their lips.*

*The end was inevitable, as all endings are, but this one at least was sweet. Whichever man came to his completion first, the other followed quickly – breaths were held, then turned to gasps, and a quiet cry they released into each other’s hands. A rush of warmth, a final gentle but messy kiss –*

*Cold.*

The cold always seeped in when it was over. To fall from the peak of heat and pleasure was a great distance; more so before the agony of parting, yet it was still not nearly as much so as when one was forced to once again confront the reality that they’d been alone in bed all along.

That final night together, though the shaky beginnings of what would never be allowed to become tears, they’d been able to hold on just a bit longer. This night, together only in memory, there was nothing to hold onto.

Their beds were empty, and no gentle hand of a beloved would assist in guiding them back down to earth. Instead, they would crash, each back into rooms that were silent save their own panting breath and pounding hearts. No longer could the illusion of a lover’s touch be maintained by their own inadequate hands which, their objectives complete, turned shortly to cleaning. No mess, no evidence...

Memories and misery were not so easily erased.

Then again, perhaps that was a blessing.



Memories made sufficient company, and it was with the shape of his lover's name still upon his lips that a thin figure managed to curl himself into a ball, smaller than he ever typically appeared, with the covers wrapped around his form. No approximation of his partner's arms, but at least with their memory it was easier to allow the heaviness in his eyes to take control, restlessness surrendered to the memory of the gentlest, most grounding comfort in the world. How lucky he was, to know what those arms felt like, and to have been allowed to remember... if he could manage nothing else, he would continue to remember...

There was much in the world worth forgetting, but never Yuujin Mikotoba.

Whether the man himself would have agreed could not be said. For several moments, he'd allowed himself to linger in the land of memory and heartache, but such was not a home in which he could dwell for fear of never allowing himself to leave. Duty and life took precedence, always would, and today was no different. He would rise and carry on, just as every day before, with only memories of a partner who remained a secret.

But not now. Now, he would remain in bed, for just a bit longer, the start of the day delayed as it had occasionally been by gangly, clinging arms during times of groggy minds and no interesting cases.

There was plenty in this world worth waiting for, and he was nothing if not patient. For Sherlock Holmes, or even the memory of him, the day would wait just for a moment. Just this once.

Across an ocean, across a strange expanse of time and skies of far different hues, two pairs of eyes fell closed. Two hearts ached, and two pairs of arms felt horridly empty.

Yet, the ghostly touch of memory continued to lin-

ger. Soothing, promising for tomorrow, bringing pain and relief all at once, it was a sort of desire the pair had come to treasure more than anything, even through stinging eyes. Despite themselves – despite it all – each man, as sleep began to drag him under, found the faintest of smiles turning up the corners of his lips.

Across an ocean, two souls remained connected in constant longing. Through that agony, however, was a steadfast resolve: a certainty that the day would come when they would once again know the touch of their beloved's hand.



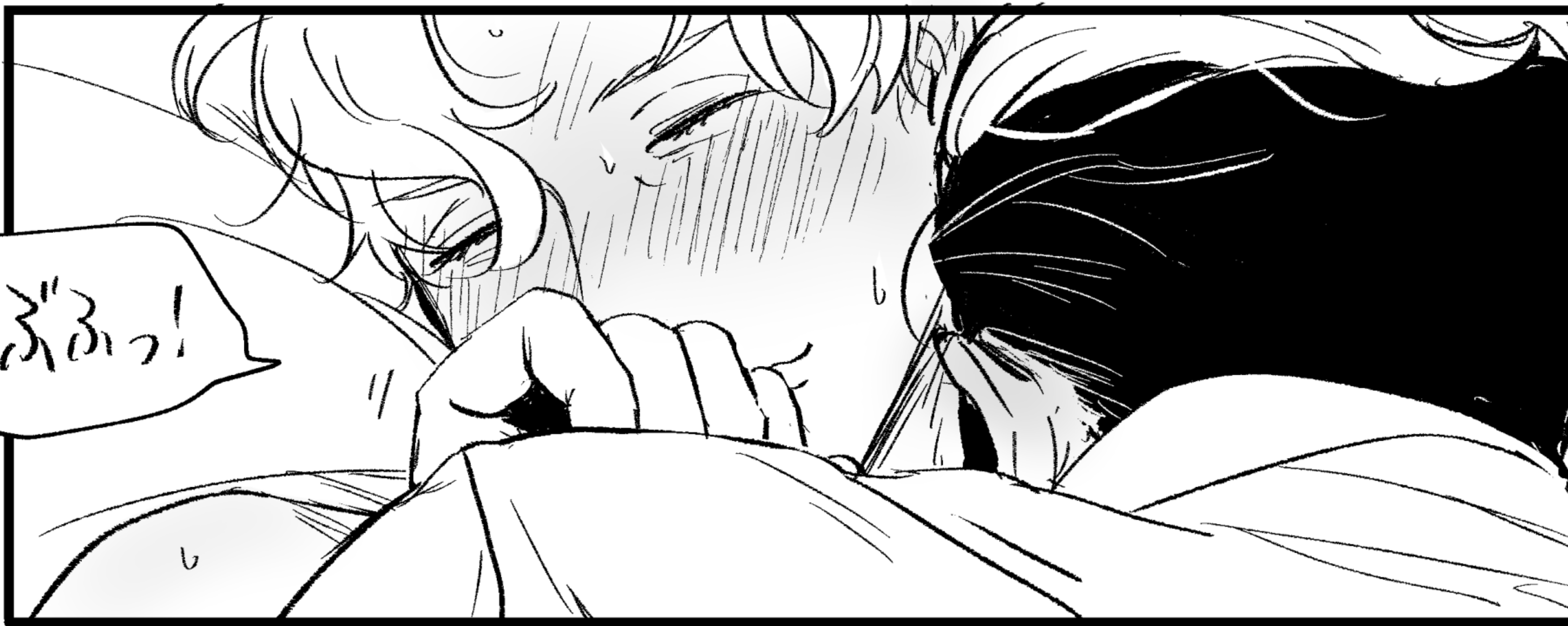
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HAHAHA~



…ホームズ?

わるいわるい…  
なんだか色々  
思い出しちゃって



…懐かしむ気持ちは  
よく分かりますが

今は目の前のことに  
集中してください

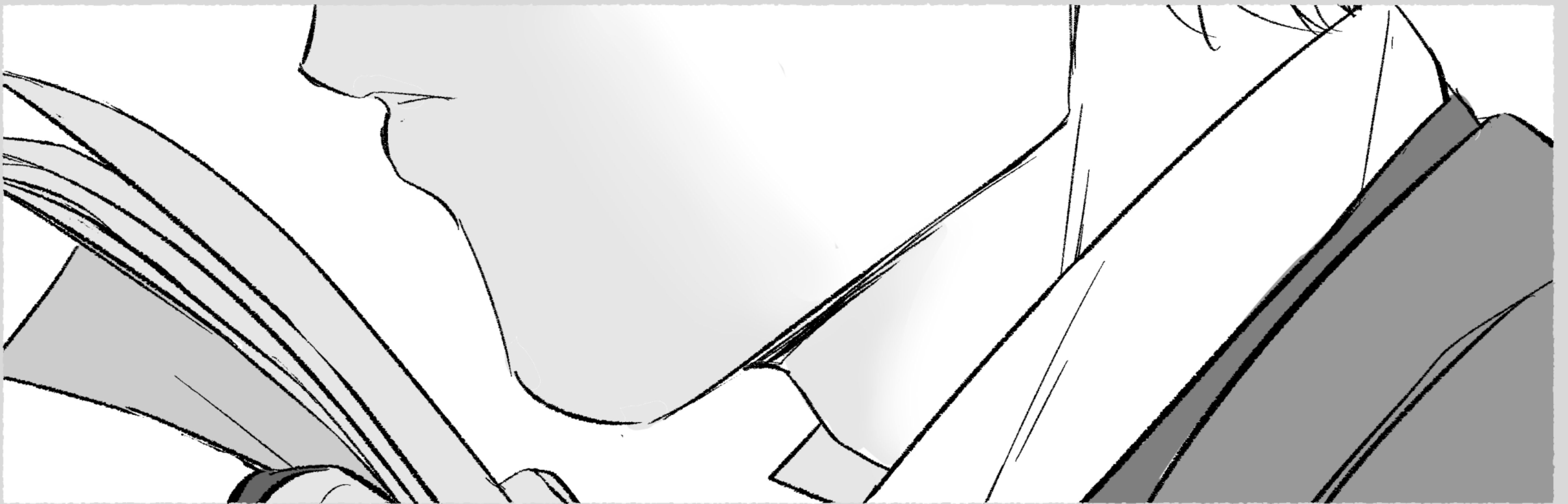
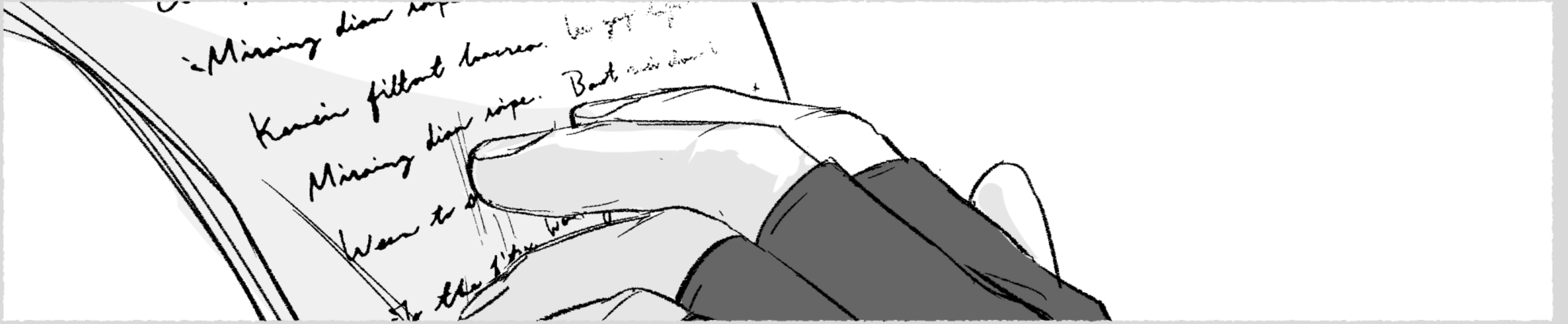
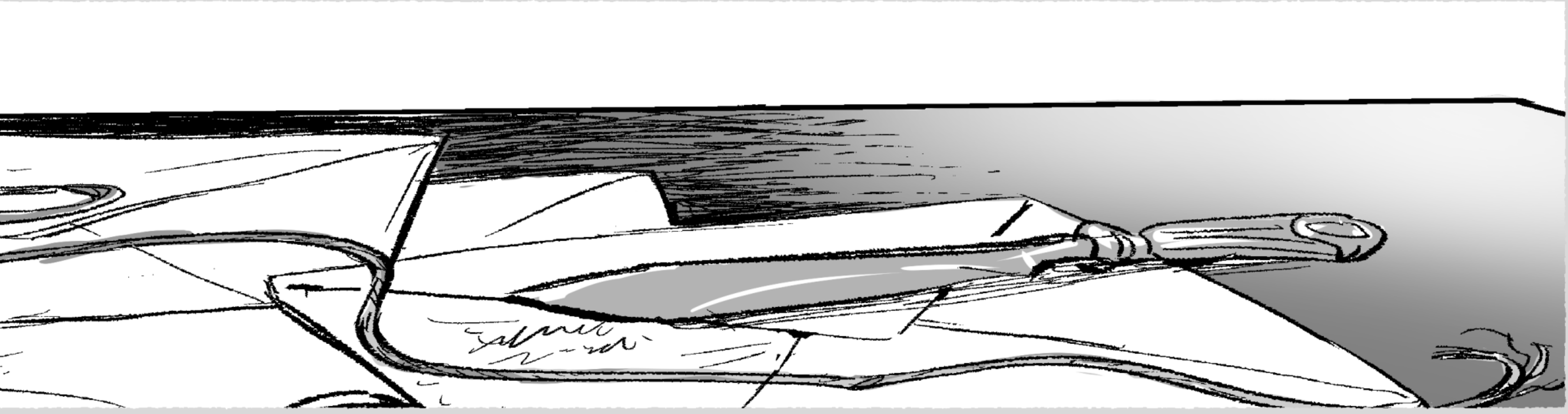
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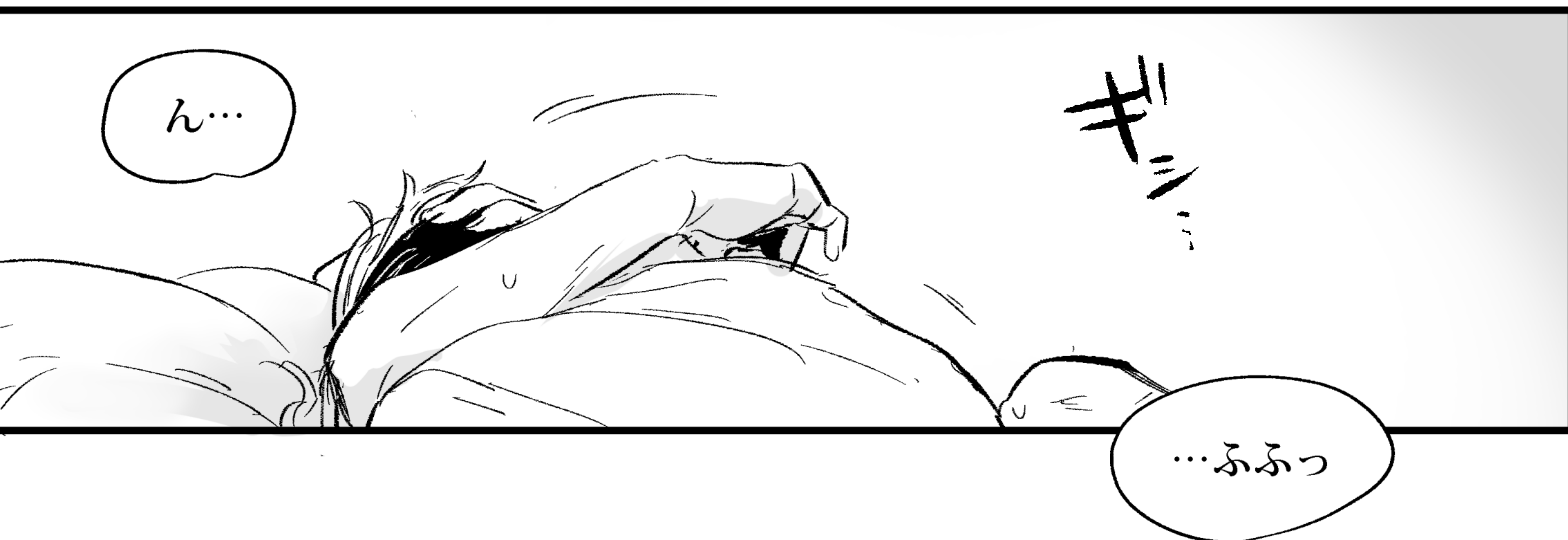
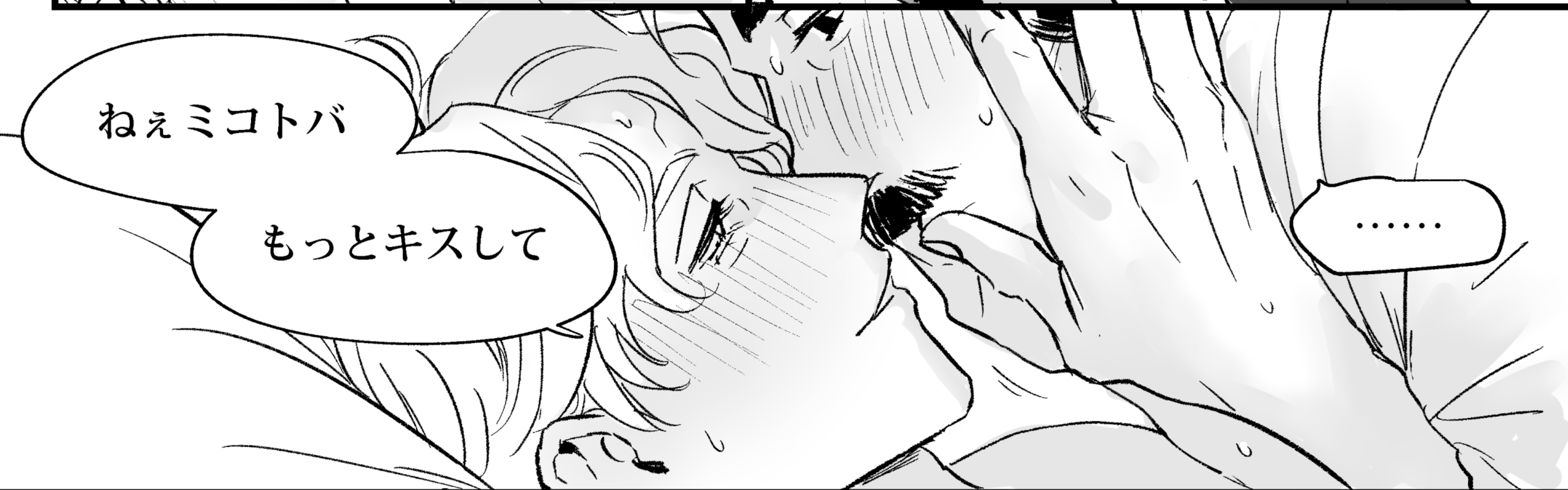
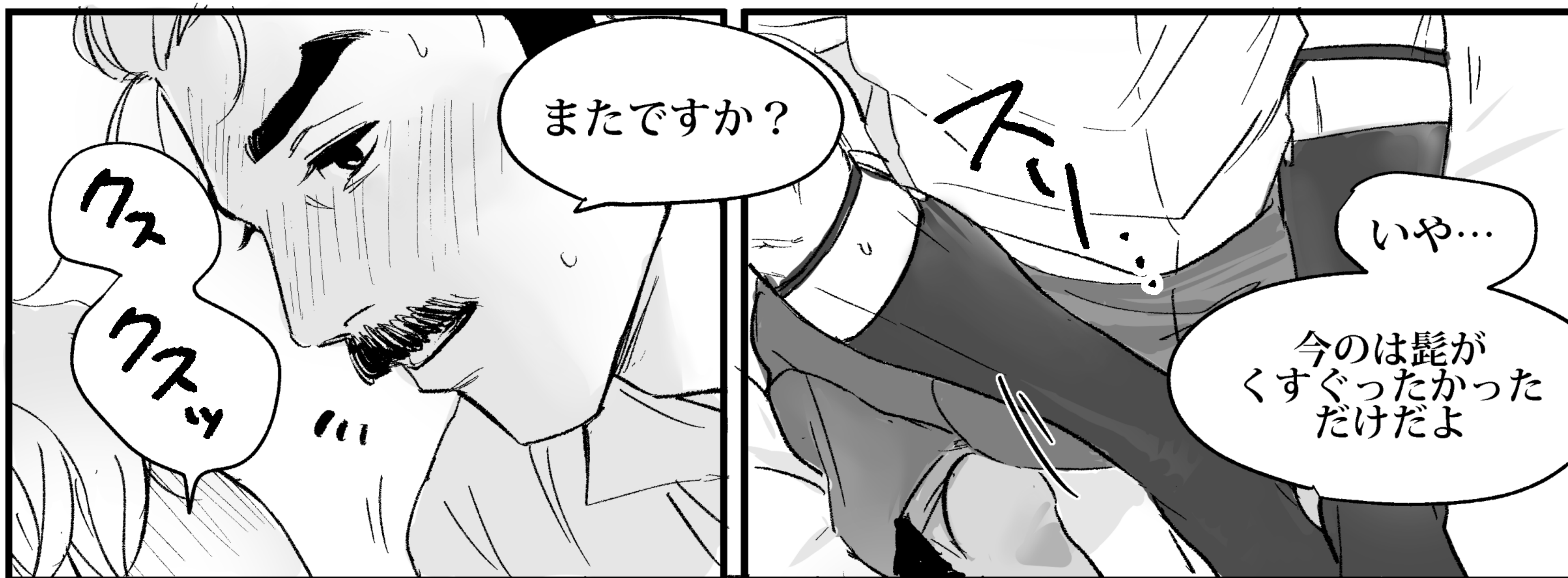














The Trials of Seducing  
The Company's Dearest  
Detective

by Mak

## ***Interruption,***

*noun, [C or U]*

*An occasion when someone or something stops something from happening for a short period*

*An occasion when a company is prevented from operating as normal*

*Synonyms: interference, intervention, obstruction, disturbance, butting in, and, ironically, horning in*



Sherlock Holmes was, by all accounts, a man prone to acting on his instincts.

This was the case for investigations, when a small spark of inspiration would lead him down a previously unthought-of path to a solution that most of the police force couldn't even dream up. It was such in the realm of science, with his myriad of unconventional technological advances and breakthroughs. And, naturally, matters of the heart also led him to act first, question second.

So it was no wonder, with the two left alone the scene of a recent burglary related to their current corrupt mastermind, that Holmes grasped the lapels of Yuujin Mikotoba's fine blue suit and slammed him to the nearby wall, his mouth already pressed to his partner's to swallow his gasp of surprise.

This was all fairly new between the two of them. Not that feeling, naturally; Holmes had first realised a growing affection for his partner and flatmate about six months prior to their first hesitant kiss. Since that day, the two had made piecemeal steps towards further intimacy: longer kisses, wandering hands, bodies pressing closer and closer. Two weeks ago, they'd finally done the deed (and done it, and done it. Holmes could have written a full dissertation on the longevity and stamina of one Yuujin Mikotoba, if he could have removed his hands from the man's ass long enough to write).

The night had been enchanting, transfixing: Yuujin taking his time with Holmes, teetering him on and off the edge of climax, holding him carefully and softly when he



finally came down. Now, with no one but the two of them at the crime scene, he hoped to repay the act in kind.

“Holmes,” Mikotoba managed after a few moments, clutching at his collar to rip him back. Holmes looked at him with glassy eyes, searching every inch of his face for the next place to kiss. His leg slid a few inches between Mikotoba’s legs, rubbing expectantly at the bulge of fabric that had bunched there. Holmes leaned back in, but was stopped by another pull, this time at his hair.

“Holmes,” Mikotoba repeated, using his other hand to gesture around the pair. “We are at a *crime scene*.”

“How very observant, Mikotoba,” Holmes mused, dutifully removing the buttons from Mikotoba’s jacket as he spoke. “If you’d like to observe further, you’ll find that we are the only two people present.” Moving the jacket aside, he began on the vest, bemoaning the fact that he’d have to go through a collared shirt and an undershirt to reach his partner’s bare chest. A curse upon British fashion.

“It’s still a crime scene!” Mikotoba turned his head towards the door, then back to Holmes. The hand still laid nestled in the man’s hair, but he wasn’t making a move to stop him from unbuttoning his shirt. “Doesn’t it feel... isn’t this a bit untowards?”

“It was a burglary of a foreclosed-upon home, not a murder. It’s not even like we’re on someone’s property, unless you think the bank manager is going to walk through those doors,” Holmes replied, abandoning the vest and moving his hands down to Mikotoba’s pants. Far fewer buttons there. He looked up, catching his partner’s eyes before continuing. “I won’t go any further if you don’t want to. I just... I’ve been quite wound up thinking of doing this, Mikotoba, and you wanted to follow that blood trail for an extra two hours —”

“Which turned out to lead us to the assailant’s escape route, I’ll add.”

“— and you were studying everything with such attention, and worrying your lip between your teeth, which you must know is a devastatingly attractive habit, and I knew that we were alone here, and —”

The man was cut off abruptly by the familiar sweet taste of Mikotoba’s lips on his. His sense of purpose renewed by his partner’s deft tongue, Holmes’ reached down to flick the buttons open on his lover’s trousers and dip his hand inside. He swallowed a groan greedily, the action filling him with renewed and welcome vigour. Whatever tiredness the night brought shot out of his body lightning-fast, and he was alert and awakened again, pressing closely to Mikotoba as he stroked.

Hands buried into Holmes’ hair; Mikotoba pulled back, his head hitting the wall solidly as he began murmuring something to the ceiling. Holmes had noticed that Mikotoba tended to stay vocal during sex, either filling his ears with moans or pressing words into his skin. It was as if every part of his body had to be involved with the process, had to get the energy out in some way. Holmes often found himself carefully observing reactions and keeping his own body in motion.

Holmes chuckled as he began pressing his mouth to Mikotoba’s neck. For once, his partner was more vocal than he was.

Already, the two grew close to teetering off the edge, their breaths growing more ragged and muscles tensing. Holmes changed his pattern of movement, sucking bruises across Mikotoba’s neck and twisting his wrist at the end of his cock, trying to elicit a different noise from his partner’s mouth. A lower, rumbling noise built in the back of Mikotoba’s throat, one Holmes could feel more than hear.



And then, a second noise. Footsteps on hardwood.

Holmes's eyes widened. "Dammit!" he whispered, pulling his hand out of Mikotoba's pants and attempting to button the trousers back up.

Mikotoba watched Holmes move sluggishly, his mind still swimming in a fog of flashing neurons. Quickly, though, he realised the problem, and began to re-button his shirt. "Who's coming into the house this late?"

Holmes looked up, a slight panic in his tone. "I haven't the foggiest! The larsenist coming back for something he left behind?"

Mikotoba's brows arched, and the flush of his cheeks quickly dashed off, leaving him pale and alert. "You may not be far off," he muttered, gesturing for Holmes to join him against the wall. When he did, he reached for his revolver, feeling for the cold metal. "On my mark."

Holmes nodded. The footsteps grew closer, slamming rhythmically up the stairs. The intruder made no move to be stealthy, likely believing that Scotland Yard had already cleared out.

"Three..."

The steps grew closer to the door.

"Two..."

The steps ceased, and the handle began to turn.

"Now!"

Mikotoba threw open the door, squaring his gun at the perpetrator.

The very wide-eyed, moustachioed, familiar perpetrator.

"Hey! Hey! It's me! Don't go flashing a weapon around at me, doc!"

"Inspector Gregson?" Mikotoba said, lowering the gun with a sigh. "What are you doing here?"

"What do you mean, 'What am I -'? This is my crime scene! What are you two doing here?!"

Holmes stepped out from the other side of his partner, his smile far more welcoming and congenial. "Gregson! What a joy to have you here. We were actually chasing a lead that Mikotoba here thought might be important. We found something quite transfixing within these four walls: a hidden passageway! Now, why would a home supposedly owned by some of the finest and most philanthropic citizens of London have a tunnelled-out fireplace? We were discussing our theories as to why when, lo and behold, the sun had absconded from her dutiful post in the sky!" He threw up his hands, shaking his head. "Ah, but such things shall happen with the two of us. Now, what brought you back here?"

Tobias Gregson stared flatly at Holmes, then Mikotoba, then back to Holmes. Mikotoba couldn't be sure, but he swore the officer's eyes darted to his still-unbuttoned jacket for a moment. "Left my suitcase."

He pointed behind them, and the two turned to see a brown briefcase resting on a table just five feet from their tryst. He walked forward, grabbed the handle, and headed back to the door. Turning for just a moment, he gave the pair another confused (and, Mikotoba swore, almost amused) stare before muttering out a, "Good night," and leaving.

A moment passed as the two listened to Gregson's footsteps leave, before Holmes leaned down and pressed his hands to his knees to steady himself. He let out a shaky breath as Mikotoba placed a concerned hand on his shoulder.

Holmes' face turned to face him a moment later, a bewildered smile on his face.



“Do you think he realised?”

Mikotoba rolled his eyes and chuckled. “I think he believes you’re a madman addicted to a case.”

“Well, not a false supposition, then.” Holmes straightened and clapped his hands together. “I’ll take it! Now, where were we?”

An ordinary man may have denied the mad detective’s proposition of a second excursion in the burgled house, but Mikotoba was no ordinary man.



## *Cycle*

*noun, [C]*

*an interval of time during which a sequence of a recurring succession of events or phenomena is completed*

*Synonyms: round, rotation, revolution, pattern, rhythm*



Perhaps Mikotoba was disillusioned, believing that would be the only interruption. He was tragically mistaken.

Every foray into public sex led, one way or another, into unintentionally delayed gratification. They had tried their hand at playing ‘doctor’ in Mikotoba’s office, with Holmes backing himself onto his elbows on the bed as Mikotoba brushed feather-light touches over his aching member.

(The doctor roleplay served only to torture Holmes with a slew of jargon as he begged Mikotoba to use his tongue for some other purpose. As interested in

the nuances of science as the detective claimed to be, he could only be teased so far.)

Yet, naturally, as soon as the two began rutting against each other, a knock on the door gave them only the briefest of seconds to rearrange their position before Dr. Watson walked in, asking about the completion of that week’s patient summary. Luckily, their positioning had not given too much away, with Mikotoba’s body covering Holmes’ exposed lower body from view. Holmes, thinking it only right after Mikotoba’s slow start, began pumping himself up into Mikotoba’s stilled hand, barely managing to stifle his cry as the hand suddenly closed over his cock.

Ten minutes after his supervisor left, Mikotoba took it upon himself to thoroughly and senselessly ravage his partner, proving that Holmes could talk his way out of anything.

They tried necking in an alleyway, carefully hidden behind overhanging laundry and rubbish containers, only for three oafish muggers to attempt to rob them. After a conniving villain trapped them inside of a storage closet, the two really thought they had more time before Scotland Yard arrived. Just their luck that that was the occasion that Gregson had remembered his lockpicking kit. Well, not Gregson’s luck, as he unveiled two dishevelled, flushed, and grumpy men from their imprisonment.

A certain contingent of Bobbies swore they saw the inspector in a pub at an ungodly hour that night, shovelling fish and chips into his mouth like a man possessed.

But the worst by far was the carriage ride. Through sheer desperation, Holmes pushed his dear partner into the back of a carriage, giving the driver an address at least an hour away on the busy London streets.

“Sherlock?” Mikotoba questioned as the man slammed the door behind him. Holmes responded by



pouncing atop him, catlike and vicious, and tearing aside the collar of his shirt. Several buttons scattered across the floor of the vehicle, soon joined by the shirt in question, then a vest.

“There’s no one but us, Yuujin,” the man responded, hiking up Mikotoba’s undershirt with one hand while undoing the buttons on his pants with the other. *Ever the multitasker*, Mikotoba mused dumbly as his brain swam in a sudden deluge of lust. He reached large hands up to Holmes’ jacket, moving it aside to gain easier access to the man’s barely-covered neck.

Part of him wanted to manage a retort, but a sudden, distracting bob of Holmes’ Adam’s apple danced it from his mind. Wide eyes, blown senselessly wide as Holmes moved above him. *More. Now*, his mind sang, instead. *The man you love has bought you an hour of time alone with him. Use it wisely.*

And so they did, until the carriage hit a pothole, cracked a wheel, and rolled to a stuttering halt, as did both men.

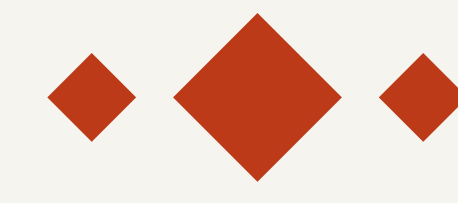
The old, ever-shivering driver opened the door to see the rather popular Sherlock Holmes sitting with his head in his hands, and a dark-haired man laying behind him with his shirt completely removed.

The driver and Mikotoba stared for a moment. Two.

“I, ah,” Mikotoba started, then aborted. He tried a second attempt, weaker than the first. “I was injured. My partner was tending to it.”

The driver glanced over Mikotoba’s torso, which did seem riddled with a variety of red and purple bruises. He looked back up to the prone gentleman, then to Holmes, then stuttered out an explanation for the sudden stop.

As he closed the door, he caught a wisp of noise: a groan of complete mortification, grief, and exhaustion.



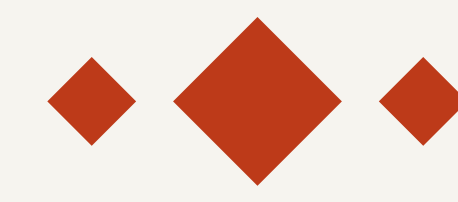
## ***Climax***

*noun, [C]*

*the most important or exciting point in a story or situation, especially when this happens near the end;*

*the highest point of sexual pleasure*

*Synonyms: apex, capstone, acme, zenith, crown*



There were many more nights of passion and many more senseless interruptions. There were victories and defeats, days of crying and days of laughter, and then their days were numbered before they realised it. There was a sky-eyed baby and whispered words and kisses that tasted like brine and ‘*don’t go, not yet’s*.

And then, nothing, for a decade, until there was everything once again. The trial. The conviction. The overhaul of Great Britain’s corrupt judiciary, all at the hands of Ryuunosuke Naruhodou, Kazuma Asougi, and the world’s finest legendary duo.

Sherlock was drunk on every sensation that skittered across his conscious mind: the tea in the Royal Palace, the feel of Her Majesty’s gloved hand in his, the look of shock and anger on Lord Stronghart’s face as Lady Justice’s wrath descended upon him. And that exhilaration carried him through the streets of Lon-



don right into his flat, the flat that he and Mikotoba had solved the unsolvable in so many times before.

The flat that could have been filled with people, for all he knew. But he didn't know; his perception could now only take in the dear, familiar eyes of his greatest love. He had changed, yes, with new lines across his face and clicks in his joints, but he was still Yuujin. He was still the finest assistant in the world.

And so, finally free of his greatest fast, Sherlock pulled Mikotoba's face towards his and sealed their lips together. His partner, ever responsive and filled with an impatience of his own, hungrily returned it, pressing his hands into Holmes' slender waist and squeezing. The two chased a bliss they had been denied for years, and even after the kiss, they didn't separate, holding each other in the middle of the flat. *Their* flat, with its myriad of residents.

"Khm!"

The residents who were currently standing at the lip of the stair. With a few friends. All looking wide-eyed at the two embracing in the foyer. Susato held a hand to her mouth, with Iris mirroring the expression, looks of sheer mortification across their faces. Ryuunosuke, gracious enough to clear his throat, looked torn between quickly dawning realisation and an embarrassment that ruddied his cheeks. Kazuma had lowered his head into his hand, peering out between his thumb and forefinger, as if attempting to mask his face again for an entirely different purpose.

Gina, at least, looked only mildly entertained, tilting her head to the side and cheekily grinning.

Both gentlemen began smoothing out their clothing and hair as best as possible, stuttering and false-starting explanations like faulty steam engines. Meanwhile, the younger crowd began offering excuses, shuffling their way back down the stairs.

"Well, it was –"

"Beloved friends! What a pleasure –"

"– a bit of an unexpected arrival –"

"– to see you all on my property –"

"– should be out celebrating –"

"– sworn there was a departure –"

"WAAAAAIT!"

Both stood owl-eyed as Iris stomped forward, her voice echoing out like a whistle. In fact, the room itself seemed to stand still at the sound. Tinctures ceased to bubble. Pipes ceased to creak. All eyes pointed squarely to a very angry-looking Iris, who marched right towards the guilty party. She pointed a tiny, but terrifying finger to the two of them, and Holmes' face turned in a grimace.

"Sorry, old boy. I suppose this is where we die," he whispered. Mikotoba nodded dumbly.

"Why," Iris shouted, "didn't you tell me about this in any of the stories?"

Oh.

Sherlock Holmes tilted his head, thoroughly confused. "Why didn't I – I'm sorry, Iris, I don't think I heard you clearly. What did you say?"

Iris stomped her foot, hands moving to perch on her hips. "Why didn't you tell me about me having another daddy? I would have sent him letters! I would have prepared him a better tea when he arrived! And Susie would have been my sister much sooner!"

Sherlock looked to Mikotoba, floundering for some kind of explanation. Mikotoba would usually take the chance to revel in a speechless Holmes, but looked just as lost.

Before either could respond, Ryunosuke stepped forward. "Iris, perhaps it's not my position to say, but maybe they didn't really want to share... this...?"



Iris wheeled around with enough speed to kick up the carpet beneath her. “Didn’t want to – ? Runo! I wouldn’t have told anyone! Do you think I’m that much of a tattletale?”

“That wasn’t what I –”

“I think what Ryunosuke means to say, Iris,” Susato interjected. “Is that matters of the heart can be very personal, and sometimes it grows hard to tell them to the people we care about, particularly if we miss them dearly. I know my father could not speak much about his time in England without fondly recalling the time he had with Mr. Holmes, so I know their time apart must have been heartbreaking.” At that, she placed a hand on her heart, looking over to the two.

Then, she flexed her wrist, just slightly, letting her pointer finger extend. Mikotoba knew the direction without batting an eye: she was gesturing towards the ascending staircased. The meaning was clear in her expression as she lightly dipped her head. *Get out while you can. I’ll handle this.*

He nearly wept with pride. Oh, to have such a genius daughter as his!

As Gina walked over to stand beside Iris, recounting a time when she got her biggest score off of two love-sick idiots, Mikotoba took a step back, slipping his hand into Holmes’. He watched the younger generation recounting their own experiences with that sweet sanguine feeling for a few seconds more, then pulled carefully at his partner’s arm. The two took a step back together. Then another, and then ascended the stairs, quiet as church mice.

Holmes turned, seeing Mikotoba’s determined expression as he walked to a room he was quite familiar with. He only hoped it was in the same place.

He took a final, careful step, and swung open a doorway to see a room he remembered well. Two windows

let in a stream of silver light, illuminating a pair of reading chairs, a basin of water, and an old wooden bed. The master bedroom.

“Well? Shall we?”

Holmes nodded, and the two walked in, finding each other in solitude at last.

As the two lay together later, Mikotoba thought about love, and the way it was so unlike their loud and rambunctious excursions through youth.

Love was tender, and soft, and brilliantly bright. Love was ageless and ancient, crisp and kind, quiet and roaring. It was a series of facts and evidence. It was a dance for the sake of dancing. Some days, Yuujin wondered how all of those truths came together into this, and how he had managed to seduce the country’s greatest detective.

The man in question rolled over in bed, his hair unkempt and gleaming bronze in the moonlight. His lips lay parted, breathing deep and quiet, lines gone from his face. His hand, limp and sweet, drifted to Yuujin’s, to hold even in slumber. He placed his hand within the one offered, interlocking their fingers slowly, so as not to wake the other.

Maybe he would never know how he did it; perhaps the joy was in knowing that he did.



# Tears of Our Intimacy



**Fig. 1**

**Honeysuckle**  
*Lonicera caprifolium*

At its heaviest interpretation, the honeysuckle represents the flames of love, and the tenderness for love that has been lost.